DOBBIN'S DESPAIR.

I have no differential clutch
And no pneumatic tire;
I guess I don't amount to much,
For none come to admire
My form or speed—I have no cam;
And, to my deep remorse,
I must confess I only am
A one horsepower horse!

They used to stroke my sorrel side
And tell how I could go.
To-day they speak in tones of pride
Of some bright red tonneau.
But, though my sorrow is so great
And anger is so keen,
I'm glad to have a chance to state
I don't eat gasoline.

I don't know how to carburet,
Nor how to radiate.
When I wish to get up and get
I simply struck my gait.
'Tis true, in casting out the beam
For fairness I should try—
But' lectric, gasoline or steam,
The "mote" is in my eye!

I have no wondrous steering geer,
But still they rush to see
A thing that has, I'm pained hear,
A horseless pedigree.
They used to pet me all the time,
But now they only shrug
Their shoulders, and pass by, for I'm
A poor old sparkless plug!

—Chicago Tribune.

Gloria's Love Affair.

★ ★ ★ ★

By Paul Carson.

SIX months before Gloria Spencer left school, a new music teacher was employed in the seminary, and she was one of his pupils. He was a handsome, blue-eyed blonde, with a musical voice and perfect manners. He was also that strange creature—a male flirt. He spent the six months in winning Gloria's heart, never saying a word or committing an act that would compromise himself.

How she loved him!

"First love?" you ask.

Yes, is there anything like it? It is well that it comes but once.

He called one night to say "Good-by."

Gloria thought he was coming back. He said—

"I suppose you know that I am to be married next month?"

It was a cruel blow. Better men than he have committed murder.

An older woman would have concealed an almost mortal wound, but she grew so white that he sprang toward her,

"Don't touch me," she gasped, struggling with her agony, and then womanly pride triumphed, and into her eyes leapt a flame that literally scorched him.

"I fear you have misunderstood me," he said gently.

"Were you engaged when you came here?"

"Of course."

"Why did you make me care for you?"

Forced to answer at the bar of betrayed trust, for the murder of love, he stammered—

"Why, really; I—I—you know I did not try to do that exactly. I—wish you would not look at it that way. We have been good friends and——"

"Mr. Harlon," Gloria interrupted, "will you kindly go away?" opening the door to facilitate his departure.

"I hope we may still be friends," he ventured as he passed out.

"And I hope," she retorted, "that I shall never look on your face again, or that of anyone like you, in this world or the next."

Afterward she read of his marriage, but small as the earth is, she never saw him again.

As a result of this experience, Miss Spencer grew a trifle cynical, but pride kept any one from knowing that sirocco had passed over her heart.

At seventeen she learned that men do not always mean what they say. For ten years this fact formed a centre piece in her mind around which to group all ideas regarding the sex. At the twenty-seventh, having traveled, studied, and thought, she was a cultivated, well-informed woman, equal in intellect to most men. Every one said "Gloria Spencer will be an old maid."

One day cards were issued for her marriage: the groom-elect was a well-to-do merchant, slightly past thirty. People talked, speculated and filled the church, when the wedding, a white satin affair, occurred.

Sidney Clarke was worthy of any woman's affection and he took his fate in his own hands when he said—

"Gloria, will you be my wife?"

She thought, "what difference does it make?" and replied—

'I do not love you, Mr. Clarke. It is not possible for me to care for any man. I loved once, and," with a cold smile, "history does not repeat itself in a woman's heart. Still, if you wish, I will become your wife."

At the end of three years Mrs. Clarke was thirty. She and her husband had never quarreled, they were good friends, but she never thought of loving him. She respected him, liked him even, and Sidney seemed perfectly satisfied with this state of affairs. Out of his content, at length, grew Gloria's discontent. She began to wonder why he did not love her, arguing that he did not, on the ground that were it otherwise he could not be happy without his wife's affection.

"It does not follow that it is because I do not love him," she said, " for men have adored women who were indifferent to them. I wonder if he ever loved."

One day she asked him.

"Sidney, did you ever care for a woman?"

"Yes," laughingly, "my mother."

"Not that, did you ever have a—a first love?"

"Yes," gravely now, "I have had first love."

"She jilted you, I suppose?'

"No."

"Then," her voice full of sympathy, "she is dead."

"No, she is not dead."

The conversation was interrupted then and was not resmued; but Mrs. Clarke wondered now why her husband married her, and before she was well aware of it, with all the dormant passion of her nature waking into life, she was jealous of his first love. After awhile she began trying to win his affection. The restraint that Sidney put upon himself in those days was wonderful. His wife was so sweet and gentle, so tender and womanly, so altogether lovable, that having loved her always, the temptation to tell her so was almost irresistible. But it was the desire of his life to win her heart, and understanding her nature perfectly, he feared to speak too soon, and so waited with seeming patience until the longed for treasure should be his. At last, Gloria knew what caused the jealousy that possessed her, the eagerness to win her husband's regard, the thril that shook every nerve at the touch of his hand.

She loved him, with the love of a woman who had lived, and suffered, and learned wisdom; the passion of her girlhood was the fragrance of the rose, this was the rose itself. It blooms once only, but the flower is immortal; the crisis in the lives of these two came unexpectedly after all. They were riding home from the theatre. The play was one in which the husband having married to please his father, eventually falls in love with his wife. They were speaking of it. Gloria said—

"Do you think people ever do fall in love after marriage?"

Sidney replied promptly:

"I know it."

"From experience?"

"No. I could not have such an experience."

Some light they passed just then flashed full on his wife's face. He saw that she had grown very pale, but she asked:

"Why?"

He could bear it no longer, and taking her in his arms, he said:

"Because, my darling, I always loved you. I could not learn it after marriage, for I worshiped you long before. Oh, love, tell me it is not in vain," and the wfe of four years blushed in the darkness like a girl as she put her arms around her husband's neck and whispered:

"I have loved you ever so long, dear."

Some time afterwards Mrs. Clarke said:

"Tell me about that girl you loved long ago, Sidney."

"What girl?" in surprise.

"Have you forgotten, you told me you had a first love; I have wondered why you did not marry her."

"I did."

"Sidney!"

"Gloria!"

"You don't mean that—that——" and then she stopped, something choked her a little.

Sidney dropped his paper, got up and went over to her. He took her face between his hands, and looked down into the big gray eyes that were shining through tears.

"My dear wife," he said, "you are the only woman I ever loved."—Chaperone Magazine.

A Jap's Different Names.

Every European child can answer the question, "What is your name?" without hesitation unless he is dumb, but the Japanese boy must think a little to make sure, for at various periods of his life he is called by different names. He receives his first when he is just a month old. Then three different names are written on three slips of paper and thrown into the air in the temple, while prayers are addressed to the family deity. That which falls first to the ground bears the name the child is called till he is three years old. At fifteen the Japanese boy receives a new name in honor of his coming of age. His name is changed again on the occasion of his marriage and on any advance in his position.

Significant Chance.

A hotel in Switzerland bore on one of its walls the time-honored inscription, "Hospes, salve!" ("Welcome, stranger!") After rebuilding, the legend had to be restored, but the painter, who must have had some experience as a traveler, made a very slight alteration in one of the words and caused it to read, "Hospes, solve!" ("Pay, stranger!")

On Owning Good Books

By Harry Thurston Peck

ONE of the greatest leaders in aesthetic thought among English speaking people, Ruskin, was a strong advocate of owning good books, going so far as to say that cheap books had a pernicious effect on the reader. There is no doubt but that this is the day of cheap books, and that with the accumulation of many cheap books one loses the relative value of the master pieces of literature. The most popular form the cheap book takes is the novel, and the season of all seasons for the novel reader is the summer time. The reading of fiction is a good recrealton, but a very poor occupation; as a recreation it takes one out of one's self and away from the monotony and cares of everyday life, but as an occupation it is unwholesome, giving false ideas of life and vitiating the taste for more solid reading. There is plenty of bright, sunshining, healthy fiction which is most beneficial as a relaxation for a holiday season, but care should be taken that this ephemeral diet be not continued too long.

Own a few good editions of the standard authors, and take pleasure in the possession of them. Begin a library when youth is still with you, but begin one anyhow, even if you are old, and surround yourself with such friends as good books always are. Read and re-read your Ruskin and your Carlisle; your Shakespeare and your Horace; your Tennyson and your Timrod; they will give you thoughts which will rest your mind by the seashore or in the mountains; on the lonely country highway, or in the crowded city streets. Let your books be selected as your friends are for those qualities which last and not merely for amusement, and your youth and your old age will be crowned with friendships which bless and loves which last.

Nonsense About Society

By the Editor of Collier's Weekly

NOTHING is more popular than violent denunciation of that group of persons who are usually distinguished by a capital S from other sections of universal society. This fashionable society is so safe a mark that any one who shies a brick toward it is sure to be regarded as having made a very palpable hit. We are not sure that it is to the credit of human nature that it rejoices in the most exaggerated libels of the fashionable, as it does in equal libels of the rich. Envy accounts for much in the popularity of this kind of diatribe. What is the truth about society in America, or rather in that city where all such discussion centres—in New York? It is by no means equal to the society of London, and some other foreign capitals, where the leading social organization is marked by special culture and information, as well as by sufficient leisure for social pleasures. It is not, as those foreign societies are, especially London, addicted to a process of selection, which brings a remarkable amount of training and talent into small compass. But, if one compares it not with what society ought to be, and in some places is, but with unselected humanity, the case is different. What is called society in New York averages as high and higher than people would average if taken indiscriminately from other walks of life in equal numbers. It has weaknesses enough, but nevertheless take its thousand families, or its four or five hundred, or whatever number you like, and you will get a quality of human competence and intelligence above the ordinary level. Its conspicuous absurdities are committed by a few; the men who are part of it, without being devoted to it, are as good as the average, and the women are much above the average. This is faint praise, where opportunities for better things are great, but even society should have its due.

The Charm of the Mushy Blonde

By Nixola Greeley-Smith

WHY do so many men admire the type of women which other women of more pronounced coloring describe contemptuously as the mushy blonde? Why does the girl whose complexion has the mealy whiteness of a baked potato and whose general aspect suggests that she was grown in a cellar please by her very absence of intensity?

Sunlight fades her. The white light of the ballroom extinguishes her. She never has any eyebrows and her eyes have the wan coloring of a rain-washed flower.

She is very slender and her whole body droops and flaps helter and keiter like the ensign of a becalmed yacht.

And yet, nine times out of ten in the matrimonial shuffle, she wins out.

She is not a great belle, to be sure, but, then, everybody knows that a great belle seldom marries well. Her dance card is seldom more than half filled. But it usually has some very eligible names on it, and when she decides which one of them she would like to have on her visiting cards she proceeds to make it hers.

The secret of the mushy blonde's success is not difficult to fathom. She is not often beautiful, seldom intelligent and rarely if ever fascinating. But she knows how to cling. And when a specially desirable specimen of masculinity comes along, she gets him interested by the judicious exercise of the clinging faculty.

She makes capital of her lack of beauty—she is not pretty like Blanche or Mabel—what can such a great big man see in such a homely little thing?

Her very brainlessness, such is her adept use of it, becomes a weapon. She is so stupid! It is so good of him to explain so many things to her that she thought she never could understand. But he makes them so easy! Who would have thought she would ever learn to know the difference between a "bull" and a "bear," and what buying on margins means and all the other wonderful things that he has told her?—New York World.

Foresees a Yellow Peril

Present Conflict Might Lead China Against the Anglo-Saxon

By Frank G. Martin

TO the student's prophetic eye the present struggle is but a prologue to the far more imposing drama of war sooner or later to ensue, whose theatre will be Eastern and Central Asia, and whose dramatis personae will embrace the armies and navies of the mightiest nations of the earth. Sooner or later the Anglo-Saxon and the Slav must grapple for ascendency in the Far East in a sanguinary struggle between antipodal types of civilization. Sooner or later the Anglo-Saxon—for who doubts that the Anglo-Saxon brow will wear the bay of victory in the final test of strength with the Slav—must meet the problems of a possible yellow peril—a struggle of races.

The contest may be long and fierce—the issue was foreseen before hostilities began. In all probability the puny hand of Japan cannot stay the giant hand of Russia. Most certainly England, not improbably the United States—very likely these two powers in league will pronounce the ultimate "thus far and no farther" to Russia's voracious march of dominion. Japan worsted, Russia will undoubtedly cling to Manchuria—perhaps acquire Korea—and then turn again to imperil the British Empire by attempting to gain a foothold in Tibet, or the coveted outlet to the Persian Gulf. When the inevitable great struggle comes; when Slav and Anglo-Saxon stake all upon the fortunes of war in Asia—that will be no local conflict, but a universal epic of battle.

Assuming the final triumph of the Anglo-Saxon over the Slav, the victor is foreseen entering China, peopled with one-fourth the whole human family, bearing the open lamp of Occidental enlightenment, and development, as it were, into a vast powder magazine of Mongolian menace. Taught to cultivate the arts of war and peace by Western models, how long ere sleeping China awakes to a realization of her strength, turns upon and rends her would-be benefactors, and, employing in menace the weapons she will have been taught to use in beneficence, sweep over Asia, cross into and overrun Europe, and repeat the terrors of the invasion of the Tartar hordes under Ghengis Khan and Timour.

The Funny Side of Life.

THEN AND NOW.

In days long ago (in the sixties you know) when grandma went walking she held her skirts so.

What would she say if she saw girls today with skirts clutched so tightly they all look this way?
—Inland Printer.

TOO EXPENSIVE.

Bunting—"Radium is said to be worth $250,000 for one-fifteenth of an ounce."

Larkin—"Well, that won't be popular for Christmas presents."

NO GREAT LOSS.

"Your husband lost his temper in a little dispute we had," said Gazzam to Mrs. Bickers.

"That doesn't matter," replied Mrs. Bickers; "he has plenty left."

A HARD NAME.

"That Russian count has a name for killing his man whenever——"

"Well, if his man has to pronounce it every time he speaks to him I don't wonder."—Philadelphia Press.

EXERCISED.

Doctor—"What you need is to give your stomach continuous and vigorous exercise."

Patient—"But I have, doctor; I've been living on predigested health foods."

HIS INTENTIONS.

The Duke—"Is it true that you are going to marry an American heiress?"

The Count—"It is."

The Duke—"What's her name?"

The Count—"Don't know yet."—Chicago News.

A HOTBOX.

"What do you think now, Bobby?" remarked the mother as she boxed his ears.

"I don't think," replied the boy, "My train of thought has been delayed by a hotbox."

NOT DEFINITE.

"Please print instructions for smoking sausage," wrote the constant reader to the answers-for-the-anxious editor.

"Which—the long or the fine cut?" he wrote beneath the query.—Judge.

HIS PREFERENCE.

Mrs. Kindheart—"Here's a cast-off golf suit of my husband's if you want it."

Rags N. Tatters—"Yes'm; I'd like to have it. I'd rather be taken for a golf player than freeze."

STRANGERS.

"Kloseman says he doesn't know you at all."

"I'm not surprised at all. He never sees me, you know."

"But I thought you said you were members of the same church."

"Yes, but I invariably take up the collection."—Philadelphia Ledger.

PRACTICAL.

Ponder—"Did you ever notice that most of the fires that break out suddenly and spread quickly are due to spontaneous combustion?"

Housekeep—"No, but I've often thought what a splendid thing spontaneous combustion would be if you could only keep it on tap to light the kitchen fire with." — Philadelphia Press.

SUGGESTING AN IMPROVEMENT.

The owner of the new apartment house was exhibiting it to his brother-in-law, who was an architect.

"I had it built according to my own ideas," he said, "and it's built for keeps. An earthquake wouldn't have any effect on it."

"That's a pity," said the brother-in-law. "An earthquake might improve it."—Chicago Tribune.

RETORT COURTEOUS.

Mrs. Bizzey—"I notice you're cleaning house, Mrs. Newcome, and I was afraid you might be tempted to throw your rubbish out on the back lot. I just wanted to say that we don't do that sort of thing here."

Mrs. Newcome—"I burned all our rubbish in the furnace this morning, Mrs. Bizzey, including an old book on 'Etiquette,' which I might have saved for you."—Philadelphia Press.